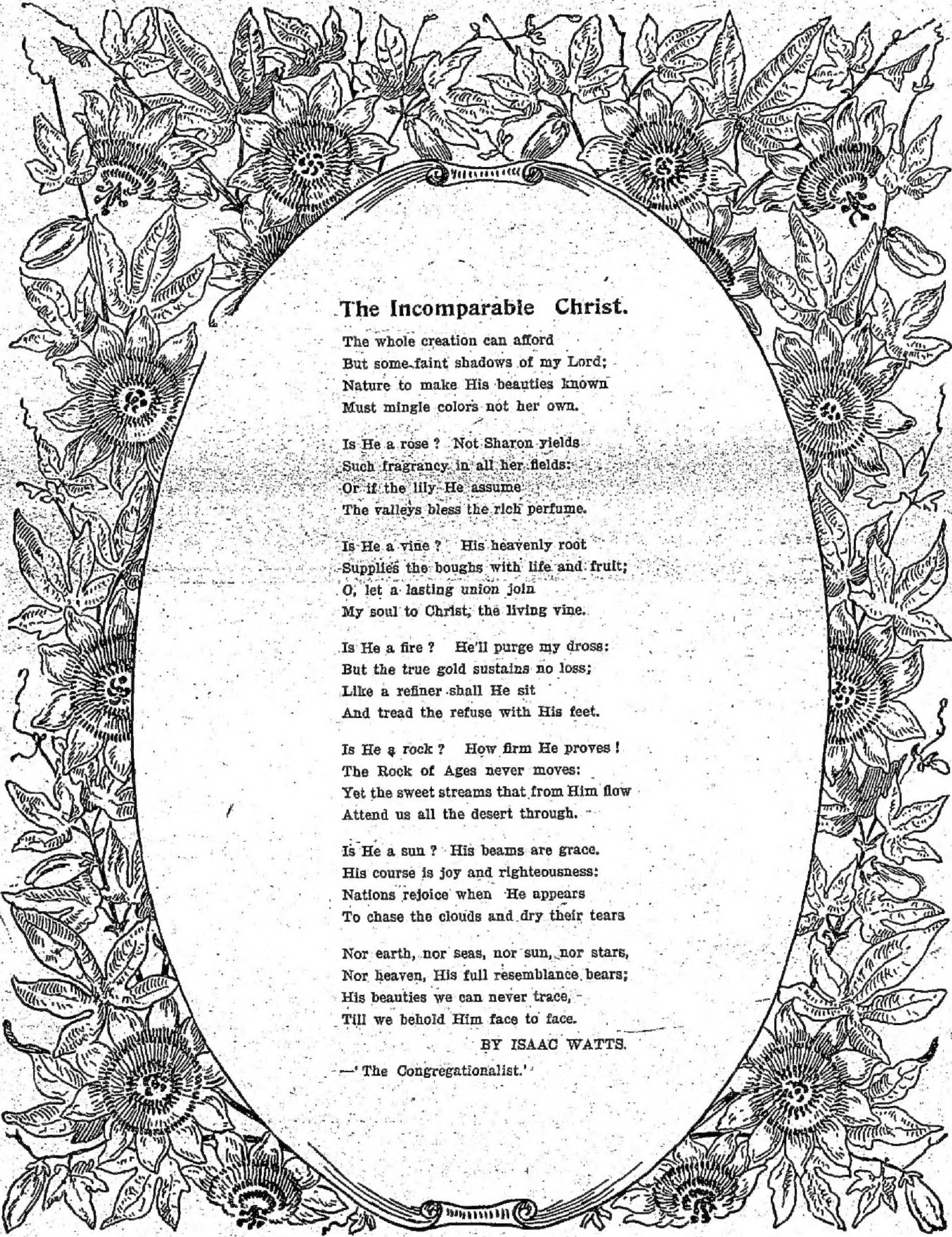


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The Incomparable Christ.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature to make His beauties known
Must mingle colors not her own.

Is He a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily He assume
The valleys bless the rich perfume.

Is He a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine.

Is He a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall He sit
And tread the refuse with His feet.

Is He a rock? How firm He proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams that from Him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

Is He a sun? His beams are grace.
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase the clouds and dry their tears

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

—The Congregationalist.

Is the Bible True?

(By the Rev. C. H. Grundy, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley, England, in 'Hand and Heart'.)

The young people of the present day ask questions about the bible which must be answered if this wonderful book is to retain its hold upon the English nation. I hold in my hand a collection of books called the bible. Here are sixty-six books bound up together in the same cover and called by one comprehensive name. Now at the very lowest calculation it took at least fifteen hundred years for the writing of the bible. Between the writing of Genesis and that of Revelation more than a thousand years elapsed. Of course we can allow our scientific friends as many millions of years as they need for any theory of creation between the first and the second verse in the bible, while it should be noted that there is not a single date given in the first chapter of Genesis. Periods are spoken of, but not dates, for the dates in your reference bibles are not inspired, and have nothing to do with the critical investigation of the making of the world. Theology may safely hand science a blank cheque on the bank of eternity to be filled up as required for the formation of the world.

Let us first consider the organic unity of the biblical books. Sixty-six books, written by all kinds of people, in various ranks of life, in succeeding centuries, and in some cases apparently without any knowledge of the existence of other books now included in the canon of Scriptures, are not likely, when bound up together, to show cohesion of thought or any signs of a definite plan, or of development of a design. Collect any sixty-six books from any fifteen centuries, arrange them as best you can, take them to some London publisher, and ask him to publish them in one volume, on the ground of their intrinsic merit and the certainty of their value to the world at large, his reply will help to show you how unique is the bible in its structure, the method of its compilation, the beauty of its contents, and its moral and religious influence.

Imagine some scientific man in William the Conqueror's reign, giving us the origin of the universe, and a rough outline of the order of creation. Then let a soldier of the Joshua type portray his country's battles in, say, King John's reign. Then let various clergymen write pamphlets in succeeding reigns partly in prose. Let, say, Edward the Sixth write Psalms, then later let a taxgatherer, a traveller, a doctor, and a fisherman give some memories and some reminiscences of a great teacher and national healer, to be followed by writing in other reigns by a fisherman, tentmaker, and one or two others, until at last, in Queen Victoria's reign, a book full of dreams, mysteries, visions, ends the series.

Now try and realize the awful and useless medley in such a haphazard mode of producing a book. Yet the bible, from beginning to end, shows evidences of a design expanding, a God revealing himself, a scheme unfolding, a progress in describing humanity, a pressing forward to a definite aim, and the gradual but complete evolution of man's moral and spiritual nature. The organic unity of the bible proves it to be more than human.

Secondly, the Old Testament says, by teaching, by words, 'Some one is coming to redeem humanity; keep a sharp look-out for him.' Then for nearly four hundred years the world cried, 'Why doesn't he come?' until at last, in Bethlehem, the cry was, 'He has come at last.' But how could we

be certain we had found the right, real, genuine Saviour? By comparing what he was foretold to be with what he was. But the weight of the evidence is cumulative. One prophecy fulfilled would not be enough. By piecing together the predictions of the Old Testament we can get a clear sketch of what Christ would be like.

Supposing you were asked to find some one in Deptford, who was to be short, dark, dressed in a particular way, and who had a peculiar walk, and an unusual tone of voice. If in one person you found all the points mentioned you would feel certain you had met the man required. The combined evidence of all the characteristics in one person would prove it, although the various marks taken apart might be of little or no use. It is the same with the Messiah. Hundreds of years before Christ was born the writers of the Old Testament stated definite tests by which the identity of Christ can be verified: e.g., to be born of a virgin (Isaiah) in Bethlehem (Micah); adoration of Magi (Psalms); betrayed for thirty pieces of silver (Zech.); bone not to be broken (Psalm xxxiv.); death in prime of life (Psalm lxxxix., xlv., cii., xxiv); with malefactors (Isaiah liii. to lix.); piercing (Zech.); potter's field (Zech. xi.); silence (Isaiah liii.); vicarious suffering (Isaiah liii.); etc. Now these references cannot be all accidental, and if not accidental, where did they come from? How did they come to be where they are? They could not have been written after Christ came, for they are in the Septuagint translation of the Hebrew Old Testament into Greek, made during the time between Malachi and Christ's birth. There they are. How did they get there?

I wait for an answer. Dare you prophesy the weather for to-morrow, the events of the next parliament, the nature of the next Prime Minister? Our very ignorance shows that these Old Testament worthies had a knowledge more than human; in other words, they were inspired.

Again, no man save Christ ever stated beforehand exactly what he was going to do, and what would be done to him, and found everything turn out as he had indicated. Did Alexander the Great know from the first the miserable death in store for him, and did he state it to the world? Did young Napoleon Bonaparte expect to die an exile after being captured by the English? Christ's own predictions about himself compared with after events prove him to have been more than human, and he set his seal to the Old Testament. To get rid of the Old Testament you must first get rid of Christ. He continually quoted the Old Testament, and applied the text to himself.

Lastly, is this book true to the facts of human life or not? It begins with ideal happiness. Each one of us longs for that happiness. It speaks of a disaster which spoils life. Has your life been spoiled or not by something which makes that disaster a moral certainty? Do you want to get back into Paradise? The bible shows you a plan of return. When your little child dies, do you long to see it again some day? The bible promises that you shall do so. The bible gives rules for conduct. When tried, do they fail? No! The result of obedience to them is just what was promised. Do you desire to test religion? Try it. By experiment you can settle the question for yourselves.

I contend that the organic unity of the bible, the argument from prophecy, the predictions of Jesus and their fulfilment in his life, and since then all down the ages of

his church, and the experimental value of the bible fairly and honestly followed out, justify me in asserting that this book is true; true in its sketch of the character of God; true in its analysis of the human heart; true in its remedies for the ills of life; true in the fitness of its promises and gifts to the needs of man; true in its wonderful lessons in the past and its knowledge of the future; true in its marvellous completeness as a history of the origin, failure, redemption, restoration, and glorious destiny of the sons of men.

'Harry, You're a Fool!'

(Light in the Home.)

Henry Bell was the son of a stage-player; from his early childhood he had been trained for the same profession. Nothing he loved better than being in the theatre behind the glaring footlights, acting his comic part and listening to the uproarious laughter of the audience from the gallery. Although he was now sixteen years of age he had never been inside a church door. He had been taught to look upon religious people as canting hypocrites. One beautiful summer evening, as he was standing dreamily looking into the Thames, the voices of two women close beside him attracted his attention. He could not help listening. They were talking very earnestly indeed. A few words that were spoken fastened themselves upon Harry's heart—'The wages of sin is death.' He walked hastily away, whistling loudly to drown the small voice that was awakened within; but, whistle as he would, the words still haunted him. They haunted him all that night in the theatre—all the next day. He was becoming very miserable. At last in despair he exclaimed: 'I'll go and see a clergyman—he will be able to tell me what to do.' He did not know where one lived, but he would find out. So away he started.

'Can you tell me,' he said to the first policeman he met, 'where a clergyman lives?'

'What clergyman, my lad?'

'Any clergyman—the nearest.'

'The nearest lives there,' replied the policeman, pointing to a large house to the left. Harry's heart sunk within him, but he hastened on and rang the bell, and was immediately shown into a small study. Presently a venerable old gentleman appeared, and his kindly manner quite overcame the lad's timidity, so that he told him his life's story and his anxiety about his soul. The clergyman quietly got the Bible, placed it on a small table between them and began to read the parable of the Prodigal Son. Harry had never in his life heard such beautiful words—never—his heart was melted within him. The tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Still the clergyman read on slowly and distinctly, at the same time praying in his heart for the youth before him. 'Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' At these words Harry sprang to his feet and, forgetting his surroundings, threw himself on his knees, sobbing, 'That's me—that's me! Father, I have sinned.' The clergyman knelt beside him, prayed with, and pointed him to the Rock of his salvation.

Harry left that house a happy, rejoicing lad. He felt he could no more go on the stage. He must find other employment. The same evening he went to his employer and told him that he could be an actor no longer, openly giving his reasons for doing so. In amazement and annoyance he exclaimed, 'Harry, you're a fool; but it's all right—you'll soon come back.' His scorn did not move the boy. He sought and found other employment, and never went back, as the manager said he would; but is now a burning and shining light in his Master's service.—Christian Callister.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Daily Life in a Mission Field.

(Rev. I. S. Hankins, Atmakur, India.)

Interesting experiences vary the monotony of jungle life and make up for much of one's isolation. They also illustrate the real life of the people. Some are humorous, some are serious, some are suggestive, some make us glad, some arouse pity and some righteous indignation.

A HOPELESS CASE.

There was a leper who, having heard in some way that I had helped a man whom native doctors could not cure, came to me hoping that I might cure his incurable disease. His fingers and toes had, many of them, already fallen off. His flesh was getting numb so that he could not feel the pricking of a pin nor even the burning of his flesh. He prostrated himself before me upon the ground, and said:

'Kuranin, sir.' 'Have mercy upon me.'

'But,' said an educated Hindu to me, 'what you see is only different names for the same, the only one God.'

This man was an educated man and could not himself believe his own religion, that distinctly teaches a plurality of gods. Christianity had in some way affected his belief.

I said to him: 'You personally may believe what you have just said, but this is not according to your own religions.'

I asked him about the god of their temple which was Siva, and the god of a near-by village, Vishna. If they are one god why should they fight and one kill the other, and the devotees of the one be threatened with eternal death if they worship the other god? This is what their religious books say concerning these two gods.

His argument is that which educated Hindus are compelled to adopt, and I meet it very often. They are trying to make their religion fit in with reason and the

preaching, as well as the corner-stone of belief. Positive preaching like this has produced a wonderful effect upon the heathen world. A college graduate, a Brahman said to me:

'The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the greatest and most powerful, as well as inspiring doctrine of the religious world.'—
'Baptist Missionary Herald.'

The Courage of a Coward.

(New York 'Observer'.)

The city express puffed into the way station like some big monster out of breath. It was just on time, as usual. The people of the town crowded the platform and started, as usual. To-day, however, the crowd was somewhat larger, as every one knew that there were to be some city waifs dropped at that station. Every year a few boys and girls were taken to the country stations, from the crowded orphanages in the city, to find homes among the farmers.

The mail-carrier gathered up the mail bags that were tossed on the platform; the country girls giggled at the country boys; the smaller boys raced after one another and got in everybody's way; the man in brass buttons dragged people off the cars and pushed others on.

Among the few who got off at this station was a thin, tall, kind-faced man, who jumped briskly down, followed closely by five scared-looking children who stumbled over one another in their eagerness to keep near the man. Everybody stared at the group.

'Good-morning,' said the tall man, addressing the crowd.

The postmaster stepped up to return the greeting, as he was a man of importance as well as of kind heart.

'Howd'y, stranger, howd'y,' said he, shaking hands.

'Hady'r breakfast?' he inquired with hospitality.

'Oh, yes,' said the stranger, 'but we want to go to some place with these little folks.'

'Y'r welcome to walk right up to my house. It's handy for the rest of 'em to come to.'

Thanking the postmaster for his offer, the tall man with his little group followed him across the muddy road to a small wayside house, which proved to be the home of the postmaster and his family, the leading grocery store and the postoffice.

It was not long before the farmers and their wives began to gather in the small sitting room.

Being modest country boys the crowd that gathered around the doors was a quiet one.

Of the five waifs that crowded close to the tall man and looked with frightened glances at the faces about them, little Dora was perhaps the most forlorn and unpromising. Her face had no color in it, except the color given by the freckles that covered it. She had weak blue eyes and stringy red hair.

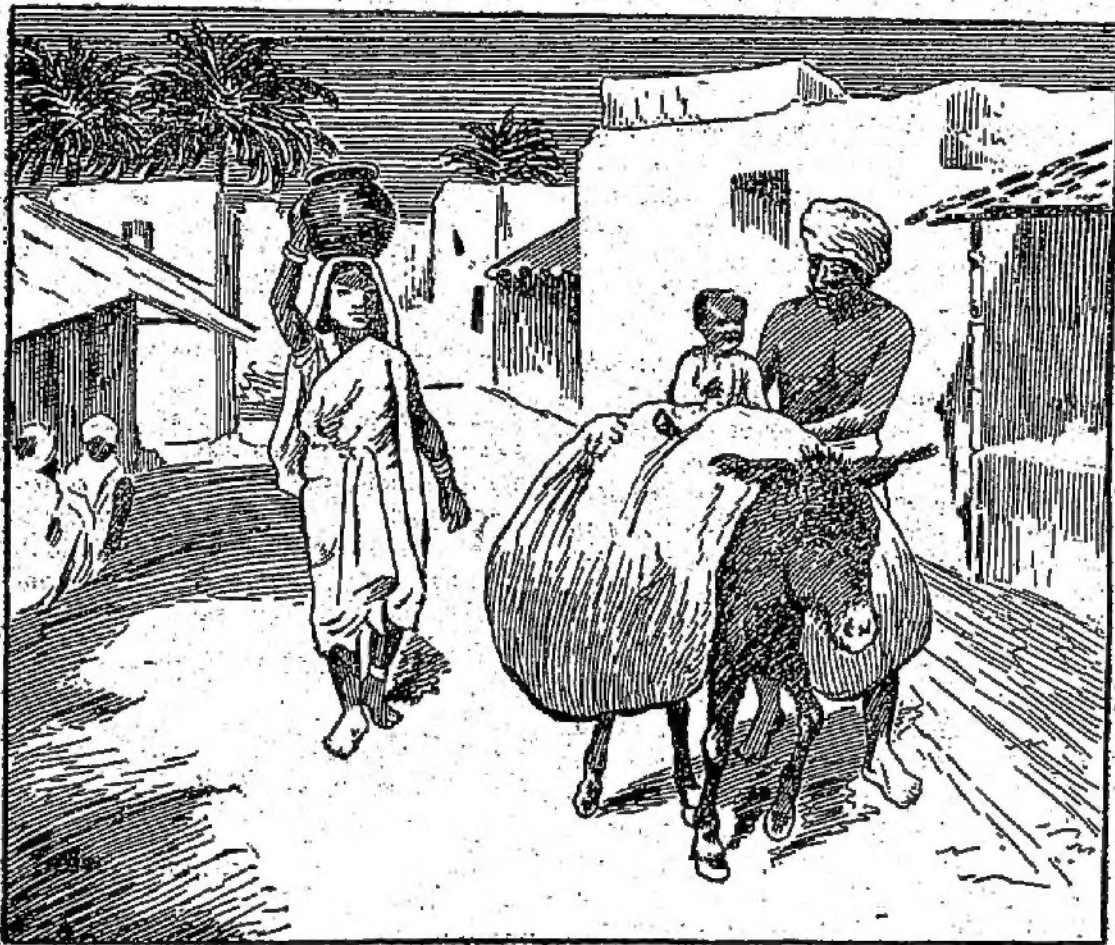
One by one the others were chosen by the farmers and their wives. No one seemed to want Dora.

Presently a fat old lady, followed by a thin little man, came puffing into the room.

It was Farmer Stevens and his wife. They were late, but they had been set on having one of the 'orfunts,' as Mrs. Stevens called the children.

Mrs. Stevens was provoked to find no choice but Dora.

'She's mighty sickly lookin', an' I've alus heard that red hair goes 'long with high



STREET SCENE IN A VILLAGE OF INDIA.

The look upon his face I shall never forget. He evidently had come with great expectation.

How sad to say to him: 'I cannot help you.' He was so disappointed he would not take my word for it. He had, I suppose, an idea if only I would condescend to have mercy upon him that I could really cure him. So he hung around and would not leave.

It is not at all difficult for me to imagine many of the scenes of the New Testament. Many such cases as this have made me wish for that power that the apostles had.

I have helped many people with sore eyes and have quite a reputation in this line. One day I heard a strange noise on my veranda and, to my surprise, there was a man with a cow that had a sore eye, and this man wanted me to doctor it. I told him that my medical knowledge was limited and that veterinary work was not in my line.

IN A HARD PLACE.

What the educated heathen now believe concerning the true God is shown by the following: As is our custom, when touring, we went to the most central place in a certain village. There was a very large temple. I made some allusion to the many different gods and temples of India.

truth of Christianity, but their own books are against them.

THE STORY OF JESUS.

It is wonderful what an impression the story of the life and work of Christ will make upon a crowd of heathen. At one place we were getting into quite a discussion over philosophy, caste and Hindu customs, but when the story of Christ's life, work, sacrifice, resurrection and ascension was being told I could hear expressions of wonder, surprise and admiration softly whispered among the crowd. The atonement of Jesus, the sacrifice for sin, is easily understood and appreciated. The resurrection, in early days with the apostles, is the climax of all our messages. How the preachers do enforce this doctrine and what an effect it has! After relating the resurrection, the preacher with power and effect will often say:

'What one of your gods that you now worship ever rose from the dead? Not one. They have been men and died as all men and saw corruption. But not so with Jesus Christ our Saviour. He arose, he ascended, he is the God-man.'

The resurrection is the cap-stone of our

temper,' she said as she turned the shivering little girl around by the shoulder.

'Not much 'count 'bout chores on a farm, I 'low,' put in the husband.

'Don't go to sniffin,' child,' said the woman, more kindly, as the child began to wipe her eyes with the back of her hand.

'What's her name?' asked the woman.

'Dora, madam,' said the man, stroking the stringy red hair.

'She's an unusually good child. I never knew her to be ill-natured. She always tries to please, don't you?' said he, patting her head, kindly.

Dora nodded and pressed her cheek against the kind hand.

'Well I reckon we'll have to make her do,' said Mrs. Stevens.

When the proper papers had been signed, Mrs. Stevens called out in a business voice:

'Come on, Dora; it's gettin' late, we must be hustlin' home. Cows to milk, know.'

At these words, Dora flung herself on the tall stranger and wailed aloud.

'There, now,' he said gently. 'I want to be proud of you. You have always been so good. I know about your home. They will be kind to you, and you must be a brave girl. I'm coming to see you before long, and I want to hear what a good girl you have been.'

He lifted her into the big farm waggon. She shut her lips in heroic determination to obey him. He put a small satchel beside her, and put into her hand a small box of candy, saying:

'I knew you would be a brave little girl.'

Dora crouched upon the seat, clinching her teeth and clutching her small hands in her desperate endeavor to be worthy of the praise. Not until she had seen the tall figure disappear as the heavy waggon rumbled over the rough road did she relax her fierce control, then flinging herself down in the waggon, she gave way to her desolate grief.

'Oh, take me back to him! Take me back!' she wailed.

'Poor little thing,' said Mrs. Stevens, climbing down beside her and taking her up in her strong arms. The farmer wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and snapped the horses's backs with the reins.

The new life on the farm awakened a new life in Dora. At first she was afraid of the long-horned cows and the calves that kicked up their heels at her, and the grunting pigs, and even the bold roosters who ran everywhere. But, by some strange instinct of mutual kindness the farm creature and the little girl soon became good friends.

The neighbors came to see the girl, Mrs. Stevens had 'took to raise.' They told one another what they thought of her in her presence, as freely as if she had been stone deaf.

At first she cried almost every day. Once the Turner boys, who lived across the farm, saw her in tears, and ever since that day in true boy fashion they had coined a rhyme of their own which ran,

'Cry baby, cry baby,
Put your finger in your eye,
If nothing else'll make
You cry.'

and which they sang out to her on every occasion.

Mrs. Stevens did not mean to be unkind. She had to work hard, from morning until night, and had little time to think of other things. She had no children of her own, or else she would have known how lonely and timid Dora felt at night when she went

away upstairs to her little room with its high, wide bed.

'There's nothin' to be a-feered of,' she told Dora when she one day timidly spoke of her dread of going to bed. 'It's only them that's been bad that gets skeered and hears things,' she repeated—an untruth that has tortured the heart of many another child as it did Dora's.

She had always slept in a room with other children, and this loneliness was something dreadful to her. Many a night she sat in the midst of her bed the livelong time, falling asleep with all her clothes on. Mrs. Stevens found her asleep just that way one morning.

'I never saw such a coward,' she told the neighbors.

Dora was ashamed of being a coward, and determined over and over again that she would be brave.

'He told me to be his brave girl,' she would whisper to herself over and over again in her determination to be what he wanted and expected of her. But when it got dark again, the old nervousness and dread came back with all their force. When the Turner boys heard of her fear of the darkness, they gave her a new name, and thereafter called her nothing else but 'Fraiddie-cat.' 'They would tell him when he came, and he would be ashamed of her.'

That thought made her life miserable. Whenever she whispered the little prayer she had learned in the orphan asylum, before she went to bed, she always added a little petition of her own which was: 'Oh, please make me good so I won't be afraid of things and the dark.'

The new home that Dora had found was in that section of country known as the 'Natural Gas Belt.' She went to live with the Stevens soon after the discovery of gas. Everybody was excited over the discovery, and almost every farmer was drilling for gas. One of the finest 'wells' in the country was the one on the Turner farm. It was what is called a 'gusher.' It sent out a volume of gas so powerful that when it was 'turned on' like a great gas jet, it burnt with a flame bright enough to light up the whole countryside, like a burning building. Even when it was quietest, it rumbled and shook and hissed in a way to frighten older people.

To timid little Dora, this rumbling roaring monster was a perfect terror at any time. When she had to go to the Turners' on an errand, even in the broad daylight, she fairly trembled when she was forced to pass near the stand pipe from which the gas issued. The Turners sold the acre of ground on which the gas well was sunk for enough to make them rich.

On the day the sale was made, Mrs. Stevens was taken suddenly sick, and Dora had a great deal of extra work to do. It was almost dark in the barn by the time she had finished her evening work. Just as she was about to leave the barn, she was startled by hearing men's voices. In the silence of the darkness she heard a man say distinctly:

'The money was paid to-day, a nice fat pile, too. I've been watchin' the house all day an' no one went to town. We'll begin operations 'bout midnight.'

Dora never could tell just how she got into the house. She was used to keeping everything to herself, she never dreamed of telling anyone, but she was slowly coming to a desperate conclusion. It was earlier than usual when she slipped away to her high room and crouched down with her cheek against the window pane, fixing her eyes on the road in front of the house.

Hours went by, and still the little girl kept her lonely vigil. Just about midnight, when a death-like stillness was over everything, she saw two figures steal noiselessly along the roadside. Her brave feet flew down the stairs, without a sound, out through the little orchard gate, over the orchard hill, her heart pounding against her breast like a hammer. She climbed through the rail fence and crept into the gruesome wood that divided the Turner farm from the Stevens farm.

The awful shadows were full of frightful images, crouching behind stumps, stretching out long arms to catch her, or treading on her bare heels, while beyond, straight in her pathway, hissed and whistled and blazed the ever terrifying gas well, looking yet more fearful in the solitude and darkness.

But on she pressed until she was in the shadow of the old smoke house above whose roof hung the great farm bell used to call the hands in from the field when dinner was ready. In the shadows she crouched down to wait and watch. She did not wait long before she saw creeping stealthily toward her, even near enough to touch her as she lay there, not daring to breathe, the two noiseless figures she had seen stealing along the roadside.

They shuffled softly across the long porch and up to the shaky old kitchen windows. They stopped and whispered softly. One drew out a long knife and the other held up a shining revolver. They cautiously drew out the unresisting sash, and one crept inside. In a moment the door opened, and they were both within, ready for their work of death.

Like a flash the little girl sprang up, and seizing the rope to the heavy bell, she pulled it with all her might. Loud and terrible it rang out on the silence as though it cried, 'Help! Help!'

Instantly two cursing figures rushed past her and covered themselves in the darkness beyond. Voices in the house called to one another, and in another moment the whole Turner family, in all sorts of clothes, and no clothes at all to speak of, came tumbling out, pellmell, each one asking: 'What made the bell ring?' Away in the black shadows, two scowling, cursing men were asking the same question.

'Here's someone!' cried one of the Turner boys, stooping down over the little girl who lay with her face, all white and cold, against the ground.

'If it hain't Dory, as sure's I'm alive!' he cried as he recognized her.

They took her into the house, and rubbed her cold hands and feet and put camphor to her nose. Presently Dora slowly opened her eyes, but shut them up again and began to cry.

The Turner boys looked at each other, but said nothing.

'Mrs. Stevens's worse, I'll venture,' said Mrs. Turner.

'Boys, run over and find out,' commanded the father.

At that the little girl raised her head and said quickly:

'Don't go, they'll kill you, they're out there,' and she sank back to cry afresh.

The Turner boys looked at each other and shut the kitchen door. Then one of them saw the window sash lying on the porch, and called out: 'Burglars! Burglars!' and ran into the kitchen, crouching behind his father.

'What's he talkin' 'bout?' demanded the father.

'The winder sash!' gasped the boy; 'it's took out.'

When they found the long knife one of the men had dropped in his haste to get away, and an old overshoe, and when Dora had been coaxed into telling just what had happened, Mr. Turner shook his head, saying:

'Well, you're the pluckiest little thing in this country.'

The whole country voted her such whenever the story was told.

'Beats anything a body ever heard,' the women all said to one another.

Mr. Turner put a hundred dollars in the bank in Dora's name, and Mrs. Turner bought her the finest doll she could find, while the Turner boys made her all sorts of contrivances during the winter evenings when they played together in the big bright kitchen.

But none of these things made Dora as happy as the words the tall man said to her on his first visit to the farm.

'They've all been telling me about you, my little girl,' he said, again patting the stringy red hair, 'and I told them I knew I should be proud of you, and I am.'

It has been fifteen years since this all happened. Dora was twenty-three years old last fall. On her birthday she married one of the Turner boys, and is about the happiest person in the world, but she declares she's still afraid in the dark.

BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

Marion's Weak Side.

'O wad some power the giftie give us
To see ourself as ithers see us,'

repeated Marion Upton in soft tones, as she shook her pretty head in mock mournfulness.

It was the noon recess in the Hinsdale High School, and the large hall was filled with a babel of sounds. Merry girls strolled arm-in-arm through the hall and loitered in the corners or by the windows of the spacious apartment. A group had gathered with Marion in the alcove library, and were discussing in animated tones the shortcomings of a classmate.

'What a revelation that would be!' laughed Belle Smith. 'I wonder if it would be at all improving to a person who shall be nameless.'

'She is, without exception, the most disagreeable, ill-tempered person I ever knew,' declared Ruth Holmes. 'They say the whole family is high-tempered and quarrelsome. It reminds me of the Spanish proverb, "Live with wolves, and you will learn to howl;" for if Kate doesn't actually "howl," she has the real wolf snap.'

'Well, she's snapped at me just once too often,' said Belle. 'I intend in future to let her severely alone. Perhaps by the time she is utterly friendless she'll come to her senses.'

'Poor girl! I can't help being a little sorry for her,' said Marion. 'You know she's an orphan, and I suspect she has a hard time in her uncle's family.'

'It's no excuse,' said Ruth, 'for allowing her ill-temper to run away with her. Her ugliness amounts to a vice.'

'Yes, I know,' said Marion, sadly; 'but then we haven't been very patient with her. It's Keats, is it not, who says, "There lives not the man who may not be cut up, aye lashed to pieces, on his weakest side." We have each a "weak side," although I'll allow we are all sweeter-tempered and better-mannered than poor Kate.'

'I should hope so, indeed,' cried Belle, scornfully; 'and pardon me if I inquire where your weakest side is?'

'I don't know,' said Marion, doubtfully; 'but I'll ask mother.'

Marion's words had given an unexpected turn to the conversation; and the girls, who were her ardent admirers, separated, each with a secret misgiving as to what 'mother' would say in her own individual case.

Marion Upton was a singularly sweet and high-minded girl, a church member too, in 'good and regular standing.' She had made some progress in the spiritual life; and calm and even-poised by nature, her girl friends were wont to consider her almost faultless. It takes a wise mother to detect the weak spot in a child's armor.

'Mother,' said Marion that evening, 'which is my weakest side, or, as the bible puts it, what is the sin which doth so easily beset me?'

Mrs. Upton looked into her daughter's honest, inquiring eyes, and answered simply in one word, 'Selfishness.'

Marion's face flushed; and with an expression of utter incredulity she exclaimed:

'You can't be serious, mother! Why, that's the one thing that I hate above all others, and I've been told so many times that I was kind and generous that I have really begun to believe it. And Marion laughed in spite of a suspicious tremble in her voice.'

'My dear child,' said the mother, tenderly, 'a person may be kind and generous, and yet be selfish. Does that seem paradoxical?'

'Yes, mother, it does,' said Marion.

'Shall I speak plainly, and prove the truth of my words?' asked Mrs. Upton, gently.

'Do, mother,' Marion replied; 'it's high time I made the acquaintance of my "weakest side."'

'You enjoy doing a kind act,' said Mrs. Upton. 'You respond gladly to a call for help, and give cheerfully a cup of cold water, so long as you can do so without any great physical inconvenience. But, if there was only one cup of cold water, and you were very thirsty, I fear you would drink the water yourself in preference to bestowing it upon any one else.'

'Ah, me, mother,' cried Marion, 'what a poor opinion you have of me! Now bring forward your proofs. What has led you to think so badly of me?'

'I noticed that evening after evening you appropriate the most comfortable chair in the room, as if it were yours by right; that you arrange yourself at the most comfortable possible angle to receive the light, with little thought for the convenience of the other members of our circle. I notice that your own tastes and whims are always gratified, and that you rarely, of your own accord, deny yourself for the sake of ministering to the comfort of another. Straws show which way the wind blows, and straws like these indicate to me the high value which you place upon your own personal comfort.'

'You are right, mother,' said Marion, tearfully. 'It is a good thing for me to see myself as my mother sees me. I never thought of these things before.'

'Many of our faults come from want of thought,' said Mrs. Upton. 'We have all weak points and strong points of character; and I believe that we should study ourselves and bring to bear God's forces and our own forces at the point where we are most defenceless. Thus, we should build ourselves up to the ideals to which we aspire, and having on the whole armor of God, we should be ready to do efficient service.'

'Girls,' said Marion, at the noon recess next day, 'I have been investigating a new

and interesting topic, and have received some valuable information.'

'Don't keep us in suspense. Out with it!' cried Ruth.

'I find that I have a very "weak side."'

'Humph! try a plaster,' retorted Ruth.

'No levity, if you please, Miss Holmes; for I am dead in earnest. I think we are apt to study the faults of others, while we are blind to our own deficiencies. This is my case, and there has been so much gossip of late about one of our number that I feel moved to recommend a study of self as a new class measure.'

'By way of antidote, I suppose,' said Belle.

'Exactly,' said Marion.

Marion possessed the essential qualities of a leader; and her brave, outspoken words had full weight. 'Perhaps we have been a little hard on Kate,' thought the girls; 'perhaps we have each a side as weak as hers, although its weakness may be less apparent to others.' Kate's shortcomings ceased to be the topic of conversation, and the girls began to treat her with a more kindly and forbearing spirit. There was a gradual change in Kate. The girls were surprised to find her a pleasant companion.

'Kate is really coming round,' said Belle one day.

'Was she ever square?' asked Ruth.

'Nonsense,' said Belle. 'You know what I mean.'

'It's all owing to the new class measure,' declared Ruth. 'It has worked inward and outward, and bids fair to subjugate the unruly member.'

'In more senses than one,' said Marion; 'for I think we have been more guarded in the use of our tongues since I suggested the propriety of each one's studying herself. A view of our own faults has made us more patient with Kate, and kindness and forbearance have brought to light some unsuspected virtues in our friend.'

'Moral,' said Ruth, 'instead of holding a council of war and hauling somebody over the coals, meditate upon your own badness, and try "something" with a double dose of sweetness. I suppose Kate thought we were all down upon her, and she would have regarded us as her natural enemies till the day of her death if it hadn't been for you, Marion and your weak side.'—'The Advance.'

Keep a Clean Mouth.

A distinguished author says: 'I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother.' He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. Of course, we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be 'smart,' the 'next thing to swearing,' and yet 'not so wicked;' but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young readers, keep your mouths free from all impurity, and your tongue from evil; but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'—'The Standard.'

THE MESSENGER.

A Sad Showing.



These illustrations, which originally appeared in 'McClure's Magazine,' drawn by a clever artist, will show you how the United States compares with other nations in the use of tobacco and beer. Sad to relate, 200 million pounds of tobacco are consumed annually in the United States, but the average amount for each person is less than that of Belgium, which takes the lead. The consumption in Belgium is 110 ounces for each

for each inhabitant. Germany uses 1,400 million gallons, or 27 gallons for each person. Denmark comes next with 24 gallons for each. One thousand and fifty gallons are drunk in the United States, or an average of 15 gallons for each person. Switzerland uses 14 gallons, for each, France 6, Sweden and Norway 7. The Netherlands 8 and Canada 4. Very little beer is used in the wine-drinking countries,



person, in Germany 48 ounces, while the United States shows 43 ounces per head. Spain shows 32, and the United Kingdom 23.

The beer showing is equally bad, but we are glad to say that the United States does not take the lead. The big fellow at the left represents the United Kingdom—England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, which drinks 1,200 million gallons per year, or 30 gallons

Spain, Italy and Greece. Spain is known as the greatest wine-drinking country, then comes France and next Italy. The use of wine in the United States is said to be on the increase. Girls and boys, what shall we do to stop it? Will you each and every one promise to use neither beer nor wine and induce others to follow your example?—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Professor Morse's 'Light.'

Rev. George Winifred Hervey relates that long ago, while pursuing investigations in the Astor Library, New York, he used often to meet there Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph. Once he asked him this question: 'Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?'

'Oh, yes, more than once.'

'And at such times, what did you do next?'

'I may answer you in confidence, sir,' said the professor, 'but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light.'

'And the light generally came?'

'Yes. And I may tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe, on account of the invention which

bears my name, I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me.'

This utterance by a distinguished man of science reminds us again, as many similar utterances have done, not only that true greatness has no vanity, but that superior minds, as a whole, reverently acknowledge the Supreme. They who climb highest see farthest, and the light that comes from above shines the longest way.

A pleasant proof of the felicity and foreseeing wisdom of this eminent man and devout inventor appeared in the result of a grand test by the Postal Telegraph Company.

This company had a 'field day' a short time ago, when the various transmission methods and alphabets were tried on all

their lines. When comparative material costs, salary of operators, accuracy of work, time consumed and all other factors were taken into consideration, the decision was wholly in favor of the Morse system, that has been in use more than fifty years.

The inventor's first message, 'What hath God wrought?' intimated in no uncertain way the inspiration that gave his work longevity, and made it a light to the world.

At the completion of one of the Amherst College buildings, when President Hitchcock first assembled his geology class in a new recitation-room with sky-windows, this was his introduction to one of his best lectures:

'Young gentlemen, all the light we have here comes from above.'

The reverent spirit that took that text and that spoke in the Astor Library dignifies scientific thought, and contributes to success in all search after truth.—'Youth's Companion.'

The Dignity of Economy.

Some people have the notion that close economy is mean and niggardly, and that, in order to be thoroughly respectable, it is necessary to maintain a style of living equal to that of their wealthier neighbors. This notion is not merely erroneous, but it is also essentially vulgar. We pity the persons who are so lacking in inherent dignity of character as to be willing to enhance their reputations by indulging in extravagances which they can ill afford. It is better to be honest than to be elegant. Even the fine virtue of a liberal hospitality is displayed at too great a cost where it involves an outlay beyond the size of one man's pocket-book.

A man may be great and noble, though compelled to wear a threadbare coat and to live on scant fare. Nor does he, because of his narrow circumstances, suffer at all in the good opinion of those whose good opinion is worth anything. Agassiz used to say that he was too busy with better work to spend his time in making money, and his name and fame are as wide as the world. Melancthon, the friend and companion of Luther, the greatest scholar of the Reformation, and one of the gentlest and most fascinating men, got a salary of only \$500 a year as a university professor and was so poor that he could not buy his good wife a new dress for four years after his marriage. Learned folks are aware of the fact that his richest contemporaries, the Rothschilds of that time, were the Fuggers, who furnished money to nobles, princes and kings, and numbered even the great Emperor Charles V. among their debtors. Would anybody be willing to exchange the place of Melancthon in history for that of the Fuggers?

When a man finds the end of his existence in outward things, he cannot get enough to satisfy him; but when he finds it in the graces and virtues of the spirit he manages to be contented and cheerful on a very limited store. We are not writing a homily in praise of poverty, and have no mind to do so. Abject destitution is a thing to be dreaded and avoided, and a modest competency an end to be desired and sought after. Happy is the man who is free from debt, and has a little in store for a rainy day, and who is willing to keep within the limits of his income. But miserable beyond conception is the other man who frets under the restraints of the meagre revenues, and spends both the dollar that he has and the dollar and a half that he hopes to get.—'Nashville Christian Advocate.'

Wait and See.

('Cottager and Artizan.')

There was unusual excitement to be noticed in the pretty village of Hipwood.

And no wonder, for two weddings were taking place in the old church on that bright spring morning. The avenue in the churchyard was lined with villagers waiting impatiently for the service to be over.

'Here they come!' Eager faces pressed forward, children began to scatter flowers, and rice was held in readiness.

Bella, the village beauty, was the first to appear. With head erect, and a look of triumph in her sparkling eye, she walked beside Philip Herne, her tall and well-dressed bridegroom.

Her brightest dreams were realized—she, the blacksmith's daughter, had married a 'gentleman,' whom she had met at a theatre three months before, and they were to live in London.

Ah, Bella! have you forgotten your broken engagement, and that young lover who, in this your hour of triumph, is on his way to America, full of bitter disappointment?

'What a lucky girl Bella is! she will be so rich!' exclaimed one.

'Yes,' said another, 'by breaking her word, and by marrying this man against her parents' wish. Depend upon it, money badly come by always brings trouble. Wait and see. The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.'

Every one has been gazing so intently at Bella and her smart clothes, that Nelly, the second bride, met with little attention.

'How nice she looks!' some whispered, as she passed with downcast eye and happy smile.

Nice! As Frank Saunders looked at his modest bride in her grey dress, he thought her beautiful beyond all others, and his heart throbbed with his great love to her, and fervent gratitude to God, who had given him a wife whose price was 'far above rubies.'

Their affection had been of long standing. For seven years Frank had made a home for his widowed mother, and had used much self-denial that his wages as under-gardener might provide her with the comforts that her failing health needed. She died blessing her son with her latest breath; and a few months after, Nelly left her situation, where for years she had been a devoted nurse, to marry Frank, who had won her warm and unchanging love.

It is evening; and the fifth anniversary of Bella's wedding day.

In a shabby upper room of a crowded lodging-house in London she sits. Can this miserable woman, with mean, untidy clothing, be the same proud Bella who was so much admired five years ago? Her faded face is buried in her hands, and before her lies an open letter.

Oh, the agony of shame and indignation that letter has caused her! It is from the man she thought until now was her husband, although a heartless one, and a confirmed gambler; but the writer tells her that she is no wife of his, 'as he had one living when he married her under a feigned name, and that it will be useless for her to try and find him, as by the time she receives that letter he will be on his way to a foreign land.'

Suddenly Bella starts up, and clasping her little daughter in her arms, tells her that they will go right away from London, and ask grandfather to let them live with him. The little one is pleased, for she knows not the misery that has befallen them.

Poor Bella! she has brought her troubles on herself, but they are not easier to bear on that account. Let us hope that she will listen to that dear Saviour who died for her, and who, in His infinite love and pity, has said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

In the afternoon of the same day, the sun was shining into Nelly's kitchen, between some plants that stood in the lattice window.

Very bright and comfortable the room looked too, but not more so than Nelly herself. She was at the oven, turning a cake that she had made for tea in honor of her wedding-day, and it certainly smelt most tempting.

Baby and a fine little boy of four years were playing on the floor. Suddenly baby threw down her toy, and toddled to the door, calling 'Daddy!' just as Frank Saunders opened it.

'I declare baby knows your step already, Frank!' said Nelly; 'did you ever know such a child?'

'Never,' answered Frank, catching up the little one, who put her arms round his neck, and rubbed her rosy cheek against his; 'except our Tom,' he added, as he patted the head of his little boy, who was hugging his father's leg.

'How is it you're so nice and early, Frank?' asked his wife.

'The Squire thought I'd better come home at once and tell you the news,' replied Frank, with a sly look at his wife.

'The news! Oh, Frank, what is it?' cried Nelly.

'That's just the way with women, they're so eager after a bit of news,' said her husband, spinning out his enjoyment.

'Don't be tiresome, Frank! Do tell me at once, there's a dear,' she added, coaxingly.

'Well, it's only that the Squire is going to make me head gardener.'

'Oh, Frank!'

'And we're to live in that pretty house with the big garden you like so much.'

'Oh, Frank, it's too good! but I always thought you'd do something grand some day.'

'I did something grand five years ago, when I married you, Nelly.'

'How good God has been to us,' she said, reverently.

'Yes, indeed He has,' replied her husband. 'We prayed for God's blessing on our marriage, and I'm sure He gave it; and we'll pray for His blessing on my new work. Nelly, and surely He will give it.'—Fanny Waller.

The Social Game.

'Don't go, girls, don't,' said a silver-haired friend of my mother's, who visited us occasionally, when we were talking about attending a card-party.

'Don't go, girls, don't,' she repeated.

Why, aunt Mattie, we asked, why not go, Do you think card-playing just for amusement wrong?

I do think so.

Why, everybody plays now. Just a few evenings ago we were at Professor Ball's; cards were brought, and we all played. The professor's son and daughter both engaged in the amusement, and all the best families do the same.

Even if all those you speak of permit and help in card-playing, does that alone make it right?

No; but if such families think it right, I would not like to set myself up, as a pattern of goodness, and refuse their invitations, and

thus tell them that I thought their actions wrong, I answered impatiently.

Aunt Mattie's face flushed a little, and I noticed her thin, white hand tremble as she brushed back a silver lock from her forehead. She looked at me a moment with a blending of pain and tenderness; then she said:

Mina, if you will listen, I will tell you something of my past life.

I told her I would be glad to listen, for she was a pleasant talker and I loved her society. She continued:

A long time ago I was the mother of a darling little boy. My husband died when my child was but three years of age. After that, all my care, all my ambition was for that boy. I tried to teach him to be manly, to be honest, to do right under every circumstance. I had means sufficient to give him every advantage he needed for education and position. At the age of twenty-one he had graduated in a university of standing, was a large, fine-looking man. I looked upon him with feelings of motherly pride and deep affection. I expected to see him rise and fill some honorable and useful position.

Then, as now, it was the habit of some to play cards for amusement. I tried to persuade Joe not to play, for I always had a strong aversion to that kind of a pastime. For a time he heeded my wishes. But one evening a young lady whose society he loved, and who had a strong influence over him, persuaded him to play his first game with her. What a pity that woman's hand should ever lead astray! He, like many others, thought there was no wrong in it, and that it could never in any way do him any harm. But cards had a strong fascination for him. In those parlor games where prizes were offered he was usually successful; the fact stimulated him to play in other places and for money. In less than a year from the time he played his first parlor game he was a confirmed gambler.

One night, playing, he lost, and lost heavily. He lost not only all his own money, but some he held in trust. When the last dollar was gone, being wild from his loss and heated with wine, he arose from the table, drew a knife, and buried it in the body of his antagonist. He was sent to prison for life. For ten long, dark years I was the mother of a murderer; then a change came. He was taken sick; he tossed on a bed of pain for many long weeks. One night he stepped out from his prison bed, and went into the great unknown future. For long years the grass has been growing upon his grave, but no time can make me forget my great sorrow nor the cause of it.

Now, girls, don't do to card-parties. Don't engage in that kind of amusement. Don't be the means of giving to some young boy a knowledge which may lead to ruin. Woman should lead to purity and good. She will never do it by card-playing.—Western Advocate.

A Little Every Day.

Just a little every day—

That's the way.

Seeds in darkness swell and grow,

Tiny blades push through the snow;

Never any flower of May

Leaps to blossom in a burst;

Slowly, slowly at the first—

That's the way,

Just a little every day.

Just a little every day—

That's the way.

Children learn to read and write

Bit by bit and mite by mite;

Never any one, I say,

Leaps to knowledge and its power,

Slowly, slowly, hour by hour—

That's the way,

Just a little every day.

—Ella W. Wilcox.

'Up, Jenkins.'

A game that may be safely recommended as peculiarly adapted to easy and quick assimilation to the most assorted tastes, is that of 'Up, Jenkins.' It needs little impedimenta, is sufficiently hilarious to be very sociable, and is warranted to be popular anywhere in five minutes.

A silver quarter, with a slip of paper and pencil for scoring purposes, is all that is needed. From eight to a dozen persons play the game comfortably. If there are more, a second table should be started. The players at a table divide themselves in two sides, leaders being chosen, who in turn select their helpers. The toss-up of the quarter between the leaders decides which side shall begin. The side that wins the toss takes the quarter, and, putting all hands below the table, fumbles it among them. At the cry of 'Up, Jenkins' from the other side their hands, closed, go up into the air, where they are studied for a brief second by their opponents, who then cry 'Jenkins down,' and the hands are lowered and placed palms down and opened on the table. This movement permits some skill, as the quarter is in one hand all the time, and the effort of the side holding it is to mislead the other side as to its whereabouts.

When the hands are laid out the other side begins in turn to pick them off, calling out 'Mr. A.'s right,' 'Miss B.'s left,' 'Mrs. C.'s left,' and so on, the sole object of the guessing side being to discover and hold the hand hiding the treasure till the last call. If they are successful, the quarter comes to them with no tally for the opposite side, and they take their inning with it in the same way. If, however, they uncover the quarter by their call on any but the final one, that round is finished against them, and all hands remaining on the board count one each on the score of their opponents.

Fifty or a hundred points, as settled at the beginning, make the game. Where five are playing on a side it is possible to score nine

points if the coin be disclosed when the first hand is lifted.

Each side keeps the quarter and continues playing it until the opposing side calls it out under the last hand left on the board. It is therefore obvious that one side should be very alert in watching, and the other as skilful as possible in concealing.

Often in the call 'Jenkins, down,' the gleam of the silver will be caught as the hand containing it opens to spread out on table. This information, if secured, can be shared by all the guessing side, who can therefore order off one by one all the hands before the one they have discovered hides the coin.

Try 'Up, Jenkins.' It's great fun.



Who Made the Flowers?

I wonder if you little folks,
So fond of flowers,
Have ever thought Whose kindly
hand

So sweetly showers
The pretty gifts you love to pluck
In summer hours.

I wonder if you ever think
Who made them grow,
To give us joy, and make the earth
All brightly glow
With roses red, and lilies white—
As white as snow.

I wonder if you little folks
Have learnt to love
The mighty Gardener of the world
Who lives above.

I pray you have, because He asks
His children's love!

—Maud Maddick.

A Good Investment.

John and James Roding were twins, fourteen years of age. Their father was very wealthy. On every birthday they expected a rich present from him. A week before they were fourteen they were talking over what they most wanted.

'I want a pony,' said James.

'And what do you want, John?' asked his father.

'A boy.'

'A boy!' gasped his father.

'Yes, sir. It don't cost much more to keep a boy than it does a horse, does it?'

'Why, no,' replied his father, still very much surprised.

'And I can get a boy for nothing, to begin with.'

'Yes,' replied his father, hesitatingly, 'I suppose so.'

'Why, papa, I know so. There are lots of 'em runnin' around without any home.'

'O, that's what you are up to, is it? Want to take a boy to bring up, do you!'

'Yes, sir; it would be a great deal better than the St. Bernard dog you were going to buy me, wouldn't it? You see, my boy could go about with me, play with me and do all kinds of nice things for me—and I could do nice things for him, too, couldn't I? He could go to school and I could help him with his examples and Latin.'

'Examples and Latin? God bless the boy, what is he aiming at?' and Judge Roding wiped the sweat from his bald head.

'I know,' laughed James. 'He's always up to something like that. I suppose he wants to adopt old drunken Pete's son.'

'Is that so, John?'

'Yes, papa; 'cause he is running about the streets as dirty and ragged as he can be, and old Pete don't care a cent about him, and he's a splendid boy, father. He's just as smart as can be, only he can't go to school half the time, 'cause he hasn't anything decent to wear.'

'How long do you want to keep him?'

'Until he gets to be a man, father.'

'And turns out such a man as old Pete?'

'No danger of that, father. He has signed the pledge not to drink intoxicants, nor swear, nor smoke, and he has helped me, father, for when I have wanted to do such things he has told me that his father was once a rich man's son and just as promising as James and I.'

'Do you mean to tell me that you ever feel like doing such things as drinking, swearing, smoking and loafing?' asked his father, sternly.

'Why, papa, you don't know half the temptations boys have nowadays. Why, boys of our set swear and smoke and drink right along when nobody sees them.'

'Don't let me ever catch you doing such things.'

'Not now, father, I think, for I am trying to give up every vice, every bad habit, and unnecessary pleasures. I don't see how I could enjoy a dog or a pony when I knew a nice boy suffering for some of the good things I enjoy.'

'You may have the boy, John, and may God bless the gift.'

And God did bless the gift. John Roding grew up to be a much better man because of the almost constant companionship of drunken Pete's son, and as for the drunkard's boy, everything he touched seemed to prosper. John and James' mother said it was because God had said, 'When your father and mother forsake you, then will the Lord take you up.' The Lord had taken up drunken Pete's son and he couldn't help prospering.

Fred Roding not only lifted up his own fallen family, but became as much of a prop for Judge Roding's family. 'His delight was in the law of the Lord. He was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and whatsoever he did prospered.'—National Advocate.

May We Come Out.

An old lady, ninety years and more, told this pretty story one day last summer to a wee child of nine:

When she was herself a little maid of nine, there lived near her a poor widow with a very large family. This poor woman had much ado to feed her brood, to say nothing of clothing them. One day the minister was seen coming up

the road, and it was evident he was coming to call.

'Hurry, children!' said the mother, 'hide yourselves under the bed, and stay there till the minister has gone.'

Under the big bed they huddled, the half-naked little ones, and the pastor came quietly in and made what seemed to them a long call. By-and-by the children grew tired, and first one little head and then another was poked out, and a little soft voice would say:

'Mammy, may we come out?'

It ended in the good pastor's discovering the situation, and that ended in the children's soon receiving a supply of comfortable raiment.—'Intelligencer.'

Little Brother.



Little brother, darling boy,

You are very dear to me;

I am happy—full of joy,

When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,

And could know the words I say;

Pretty stories I would seek,

To amuse you every day.

All about the honey-bees,

Flying past us in the sun;

Birds that sing among the trees,

Lambs that in the meadows run.

I'll be very kind to you,

Never tease or make you cry,

As some naughty children do,

Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Play with dolly—here it is—

Listen to its merry noise;

And when you are tired of this,

I will bring you other toys.

—'Songs for Little Folks.'

The Worm That Went to Sleep.

One day, when Manette was visiting her grandpa, she found a great worm lying in the path. It was as long as her grandpa's fore-

finger, and was as big around as his thumb. It was a light green color, with queer, bright-colored knobs or bumps all over it. It was so ugly Manette was afraid of it; but her grandpa lifted it between two sticks and put it into a pasteboard box with a piece of glass for a cover. He then carried it into an upper room which was not much used. His little granddaughter wondered and asked questions.

'The worm is sleeping, and so I have made it a bed, and by and by it will make itself a blanket,' grandpa said.

'Oh, Grandpa! can it, really? How can a worm make a blanket?'

'It weaves it, dearie, sometimes as a spider weaves its web. It will take a good while; you must watch and be patient.'

Manette went every day to look at the worm, and after what seemed to her a long time, one day she saw some fine threads from the worm to the glass. Every day there were more threads, until at last Manette could not see the worm at all.

'He has covered himself all up, Grandpa; is the blanket finished now?' she asked.

'Yes, and now the worm will sleep all winter, and when he wakes in the spring I don't believe you will recognize him.'

When Manette's visit was over, her grandpa gave her the box, carefully done up in paper, and told her to lift the cover off when she reached home. So she did, and found the worm snugly wrapped in its odd bedclothes, fastened tight to the glass. Her mama leaned the glass against the wall above the mantel in the library, and there it stayed, all winter, and Manette often forgot all about it.

But one day in the early spring a very wonderful thing happened. Manette was playing in the yard when her mamma called her. She ran into the library, and there on the edge of the mantel, was the most beautiful, gorgeous, golden yellow butterfly!

'Oh, mamma,' she whispered, 'did it fly in through the window, do-you think?'

'No, dear; it crept out of its winter blanket.' And then her mamma showed her the cocoon, as she called the blanket which the worm had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly green worm, changed into a fairy-like insect, had crept to spend its second summer floating in the air and sipping sweets from flowers.

'It's just as grandpa told me,' Manette said. 'I never would have known it.'—'Child Garden.'



LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

The Handwriting on the Wall

Dan. v., 17-31. Memory verses 24-28. Read chapters iv., and v.

Golden Text.

'God is the judge.'—Psa. lxxv., 7.

Home Readings.

M.—Daniel 5: 1-9. Belshazzar's feast.
T.—Daniel 5: 10-16. Daniel called.
W.—Daniel 5: 17-31. The handwriting on the wall.
Th.—Jer. 52: 12-19. The Temple vessels.
F.—Jer. 51: 47-58. Prophecy against Babylon.
S.—Acts 12: 18-23. Herod's punishment.
Su.—Luke 12: 13-21. Found wanting.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—17. Then Daniel answered and said before the king, Let thy gifts be to thyself and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

School.—18. O thou king, the most high God gave Neb-u-chad-nez'zar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour:

19. And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down.

20. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him:

21. And he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven: till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

22. And thou his son, O Bel-shaz'zar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this:

23. But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified:

24. Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

25. And this is the writing that was written, ME'NE, ME'NE, TE'KEL, U-PHAR'SIN.

26. This is the interpretation of the thing: ME'NE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

27. TE'KEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

28. PE'RES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.

29. Then commanded Bel-shaz'zar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

30. In that night was Bel-shaz'zar the king of the Chal-de'ans slain.

31. And Da-ri'us the Me'di-an took the kingdom, being about three-score and two years old.

Suggestions

Belshazzar is supposed to have been the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, his father Nabonidus was the real king, but the young Belshazzar was reigning at this time. The taking of Babylon occurred about the year 538 B.C., forty or fifty years after the events of the last lesson. Daniel was one of the great men of the kingdom having continued faithful in serving the Lord Jehovah.

The young King made a feast to a thousand of the noblemen of Babylon, as they were drinking and carousing, they sent for the sacred golden dishes and goblets which Nebuchadnezzar had brought from Jerusalem.

From these they ate and drank in their drunken idolatrous feast, thus insulting Jehovah by using the holy vessels for common purposes and specially by using them in a feast to idols (ver. 4).

Suddenly the fingers of a hand appeared on the wall writing strange and awful words. Every eye was fastened on the writing. What could it mean? Fear and astonishment filled every heart. The laughter was hushed and with a cry of terror the young king called for the magicians and astrologers so plentiful at his court. These all came but could make nothing of the writing. At last the queen hearing the uproar came into the banquet hall, and finding out the trouble, advised Belshazzar to send for Daniel, who had so wonderfully revealed dreams to Nebuchadnezzar.

Daniel, 'by the power of God, saw at once that the message was one of warning and judgment. But he did not hesitate to read the sentence. The character and actions of the king and his people had fallen so far short of the standard God had set for them, that they were now to be destroyed. They had resisted the godly influence of the righteous men among their Jewish captives and thus had brought upon themselves their own doom.

The Bible Class.

Judgment.—I. Pet. iv., 17, 18: Matt. xi., 22-24: John v., 22, 26-29: II. Pet. II., 4-6: Rom. II., 3-6: xiv., 10, 13: Psa. I., 5, 6: lxxxix., 14: Isa. xxx., 18; lxi., 8: Jer. ix., 24: Rev. xx., 12-15.

Warning.—Ezek. xxxiii., 2-7: Psa. xix., 7-11: Acts xx., 31, 32: I. Thess. v., 14.

Profanity.—Ex. xx., 7: Lev. xix., 12: Rom. II., 23, 24: Ezek. xxxvi., 21-28: Matt. v., 34-36.

Application.

'The crimes for which Belshazzar was condemned were neglect of God, and the warnings God had given his fathers, and profaning holy things to base uses. All irreverence in the house of God; all punning and jesting with sacred things, as the Bible and Hymns, all worldly use of holy time and holy things, is akin to the sin of Belshazzar.

'There is a handwriting of warning and of doom on the wall for every sinner. It may be invisible for a time, like that kind of writing which is invisible till brought to the fire or touched with chemicals, but it is written where his eye shall sometime see it. The eternal laws of God, and his providence, are a gigantic hand writing, the doom of every nation that refuses to be righteous. It is well for them if they see the writing before it is completed.'—Peloubet's Notes.

C. E. Topic.

July 23.—Honoring the Lord's Day. Ex. 20: 8-11; Rev. 1: 10.

Junior C. E.

July 23.—What we owe to our parents. Prov. 10: 1; 13: 1, 22; 17: 6.

Jesus!

(By Amy Parkinson.)

Jesus, my Guide!

The way is all unknown,—walk Thou before.

So I may plant my feet where Thine have been.

And stray no more.

Jesus, my Light!

When night falls thickly down, shine through the dark,

So shall I fearlessly press on until

I reach the mark.

Jesus, my Life!

Though heart and flesh may fail, Thou art the same,—

Give of Thy strength, so shall my soul forget

Her weary frame.

Jesus my King!

Let me but hear Thy voice, and I obey; Thou art my Life, my Light, my Guide

through gloom.

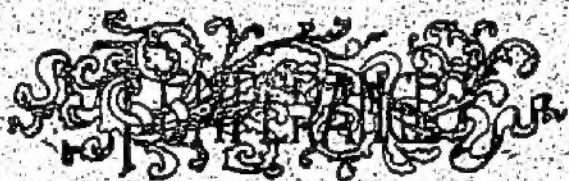
To endless day.

Jesus, my God!

The close can not be far, of earthly years; The time draws nigh when Thine own tender touch

Shall dry my tears.

—'Endeavor Herald.'



Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER VII.—AFFECTS THE BLOOD, TEETH, AND SIGHT; AND CAUSES CANCER.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What is the blood?

A.—It is the red fluid which circulates through the arteries and veins; and is essential to the nutrition, growth, and healthy action of every muscle, bone and fibre of the body.

2. Q.—Does tobacco affect the blood?

A.—It affects every particle of the blood. Healthy blood always coagulates on cooling, but blood poisoned by nicotine is found after death not to be coagulated (or clotted). Also, when leeches are used to suck out an inveterate smoker's blood, they are instantly killed by it.

3. Q.—How is the most important element of the blood injured?

A.—The little globules or corpuscles of the blood are seriously affected, and their form is changed.

4. Q.—Are those persons who smoke, the only ones who suffer from smoking?

A.—No! Every person who breathes the smoke of a cigar, pipe, or cigarette, has the blood in his veins more or less poisoned with nicotine.

5. Q.—What fact in regard to smoking is not generally known?

A.—That smoke, when drawn into the mouth, absorbs the decayed or rotten particles of food and other matter which collect there, and diffuses them in the air we breathe.

Hence, as we walk or ride along the streets, we are compelled to breathe air poisoned by tobacco fumes, and foul emanations of decayed teeth, filthy mouths, and diseased lungs.

6. Q.—Does tobacco injure the teeth?

A.—Yes, it causes them to turn yellow and decay; and the gums of men who use tobacco grow soft, spongy, and tender, so that occasionally even the sound teeth drop out.

7. Q.—Does it preserve the teeth?

A.—It does not. The salivary and mucous glands, the gums, and other soft tissues of the mouth are irritated and inflamed by the constant use of tobacco.

8. Q.—What does Dr. John Allen, the father of dentistry in New York, say of fitting teeth in the mouth of a tobacco user?

A.—He says it is almost impossible to get artificial teeth to fit closely in the mouth of a tobacco user on account of the tenderness and flabbiness of the gums.

9. Q.—Does tobacco impair the sight?

A.—It does; examples have been given of the finest marksmen who have become so nervous, and their sight so destroyed, by the use of tobacco, that they could scarcely hit a target.

10. Q.—What effect does smoking have on the eyes?

A.—It confuses the sight, and makes it wavering; it causes color blindness; and sometimes produces paralysis of the optic nerve, and total blindness.*

11. Q.—What does an English surgeon testify as to tobacco and blindness?

A.—That out of thirty-seven patients suffering from paralysis of the optic nerve, and loss of sight, twenty-three were confirmed snuffers.

12. Q.—But why do not men stop using tobacco when they find that it is injuring their sight?

A.—Because they rarely believe that tobacco is the cause until too late; and paralysis comes suddenly, and without warning.

13. Q.—Does tobacco produce cancer?

A.—Eminent surgeons testify that the most terrible cases of cancer of the lip, mouth, tongue, and stomach, are often occasioned by smoking.

14. Q.—Can you give examples where death was caused by cancer, brought on by smoking?

A.—Senator Hill, one of the most eminent men of the South, United States Senator from Georgia, died in 1833 of cancer of

the tongue, caused by smoking. And the Hon. Samuel Powell, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, died of cancer of the mouth from the same cause.

15. Q.—Give a case where a severe cancer of the throat was brought on by excessive smoking?

A.—Gen. U. S. Grant, who led our armies to victory in the late war, and was afterwards President of the United States for two terms, fell a victim to cancer of the throat caused by smoking.

16. Q.—What is said of Senator M. H. Carpenter, the brilliant friend of Gen. Grant?

A.—That he died of smoking twenty cigars a day.

And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage.—(Exodus, 1st chapter, 14th verse.)

17. Q.—Does tobacco affect the bones?

A.—Yes. The bones are alive as much as are the soft parts of the body, and when the blood is poisoned with tobacco, the bones suffer also.

18.—Name two follies of the age?

A.—To think a man can begin the habit of drinking alcoholic liquors, and be able to leave off when he pleases; and to think smoking or chewing tobacco is not hurtful to the system.

Alcohol in France.

On the whole, the liquor legislation of the last fifty years has done much good. Sunday closing in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales has brought about great improvement. The shortening of the hours of sale has also effected a considerable amount of benefit. The effect of other smaller modifications of the law has been in the right direction. Altogether our liquor-law amendments have made for sobriety and peace. But had it not been that we have taken the advice of our counsellors, and looked at France, we should have been much less pleased with our progress in England than we are.

For in France things have been going much more rapidly to the bad than has been the case in England. In France, during the last forty years, an enormous increase in the consumption of alcoholic liquor and in intemperance of a very injurious kind has taken place. Since 1830, the consumption of alcohol in the form of spirits has increased four-fold. At that time it was equal to one litre of absolute alcohol; it is now equal to 4.19 litres of absolute alcohol per head of the population. Since that period the consumption of beer has also increased. It is now 23 litres per head of the population. The consumption of wine is 134 litres per head. These facts are supplied by a return issued this year by the British Government. It is probable that much of this wine is but slightly alcoholic comparatively, but taking the alcohol at 10 percent, it represents an enormous amount of intoxicating power. Taking it at this rate, which is a low average, and adding to it the alcohol consumed in the form of spirits and beer, we find that the aggregate amount in its equivalent in proof spirits is 8.36 gallons yearly for each person in France. The rate of consumption in England per head of the population is equal to 4.20 gallons of proof spirits. This enormous difference we ascribe to the fact that teetotalism has become far commoner in England than it used to be, and that legislation has greatly restrained the increase of consumption. In France, the absence of restraint through legislation, and the absence of a teetotal movement, are responsible for the terrible position in which France—in spite of her light wines and all the rest of it—is now placed.

We have not room for more than one or two extracts. This we take from the 'Revue Chretienne,' to show the effect of all this lauded freedom.

The great black spot on the horizon is alcohol. No doubt its influence is felt amongst all classes of society; but it is especially a popular plague, a recent plague that has made itself sensibly felt within the last thirty or forty years. At the present moment it increases, and assumes the proportion of a universal danger; the race is struck in its vitals. The hospitals, almshouses, and prisons bear testimony to its progress. In certain districts one no longer counts the drunkards, but those who are not. But what is now drunk is infinitely different from what was formerly consumed. That which is now drunk is a cheap kind of liquor,

adulterated with brandy made from the beet-root and potato, with which the unprincipled manufacturers are flooding the world, and this poison is like the destruction of intellectual, moral, and physical life. It poisons the future, and pre-destinates coming generations to physical weakness, imbecility, and crime.

In nine-tenths of the maladies, the accidents, the crimes, and the ruin, in much of the uncontrolled passions, and popular disorders, one can well say, *cherchez l'alcool*. The ravages of alcohol among the youths of the common class are frightful; there is scarcely any longer an amusement or a recreation with which it does not mix itself. It interferes with or destroys every national employment, it prevents proper physical development, it neutralizes the good effects of our longings for social leisure and relaxation, every assembly, every excursion, for whatever objects, is in danger of terminating in a drunken debauch.

The following is from the 'Temps':

'There are workmen who, under the pretext of giving themselves strength, drink half a litre or a litre of more or less harmful *cau de vie* daily. Can one represent to himself without sadness what becomes of the homes and children of these workmen? The father, as has been said, does not make old bones; the wife becomes corrupted in her turn; the children are rickety, sometimes idiots, incapable of living, without speaking of the terrible law of heredity, which in the race multiplies the consequences of heredity. Which of us could not cite families, or even groups of individuals, whom this abuse of strong liquors has caused to disappear or reduced to almost nothing?'

Such are the results in France of the policy which the Temperance party are denounced and ridiculed, by the blind leaders of the blind, for declining to adopt for this country. The experience of France shows England, not what to imitate, but what to avoid.—'Alliance News.'

Correspondence

Bass River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have seen a good many letters in your correspondence but none from Bass River, so I thought I would write one. My mama is dead, and I live with my uncle and aunt in the little country village of Bass River. My cousin takes the 'Messenger'; I think it is a very nice little paper, I like to read the 'correspondence.' I go to school every day. I live about a mile and a half from the school. My teacher's name is Miss Wilson: our school has two departments. I am in the primary department. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am just ten years old, and not used to writing letters.

JOHNNIE, (aged 10.)

The Manse, Franktown, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Some time ago, in reply to your request, I wrote you a letter about the book, 'For His Sake,' which I received as prize, in the Missionary Letter Competition, March, '98. In the last 'Correspondents Roll' my name is not mentioned, so you cannot have received the letter. I am sorry because you must have thought me very ungrateful for the beautiful book.

Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,
I remain, TENA M.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from children in London, and so I decided to write you one. I go to the London Collegiate Institute, so do my friends Madge I. and Beth A. The country near London is beautiful. I hope somebody else will write from London. Hoping this will be put in the correspondence columns, I am yours respectfully.

HELLEN C. (aged 13.)

Gascon, June 5th, 1899.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. Our school is closed now, and we are having our vacation. I have been taking music lessons for nearly two years, and now I am giving my sister Edith lessons, on the organ. I have two sisters and three brothers. My grandfather came from London, and was sixty-six years when he died. My grandmother is seventy-eight years old, and she is still alive. We have Sunday-

school every Sunday in the church, when it is fine. We have a horse eighteen years old, and he is still smart. We have two calves, and three cows. My uncle, Willie Aceston, is going to British Columbia, with his wife and family; he has four boys, the oldest one is eight years old. My father is a merchant, and keeps a large store. The C. Robin & Co., from Paspébiac, are building a store down here. They have four or five stores, along this coast. The steeple on our church is not completed, but they will complete it this summer. ETHEL A. (aged 11.)

New Hamburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am one of the readers of the 'Messenger.' My papa subscribed for the 'Messenger' for me last February, and I am very fond of reading the stories and correspondence. I was eleven years old on May 16, and my Aunt Aggie's birthday was on the same day, she was twenty-four; she baked the birthday cake, and came down to our place. And I came home from school at recess, and we put in a good time; the rest of the evening. I have three brothers and one baby sister, five months old, and her name is Jennie. We have three miles to go to school; my eldest brother James and I go every day. Yours respectfully, MAY.

Collina Corners, Kings, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a small farm at Collina; my father farms and makes harness. I have three sisters and one brother, who is a doctor practising in Maine, U.S. I belonged to the Royal Crusaders, of which my brother was leader; now I belong to Division and White Rose Mission Band of Collina. I go to school every day as the school-house is handy: we have a nice teacher. I go to Baptist Sunday-school where I get the 'Messenger.' I like to read the Correspondence and the stories in it. I think the story of the shy Princess is very interesting. Dear Editor, I would like to see this letter in print. NELLIE V. CHAMBERLAIN, (aged 13.)

Edna, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for another year; I like it so very much. The correspondence and 'Little Folks' page, I like best. I have a nice little baby sister, five months old; her name is Eunice Hannah. Papa gave me a calf and I call it Ruth. It was born with eight teeth; it is a red heifer. Yours truly, JULIA W.

Orwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a village of about two hundred inhabitants. I go to school every day. I go to Sunday-school. I am in the primary class. I have a dear teacher, her name is Miss Norton. We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. We also have a Junior C. E. Society, which meets every Wednesday at 4 p.m. I have one brother aged 9 years, and one little sister two years old; her name is Theo, and she is the pet of our family. We all go to grandpa's in the summer, and have a fine time romping around in the fields. If I see this letter in the 'Messenger' I may write again. ARLIE B. (aged 8.)

St. Clair, Indian Reserve, Sarnia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I write to the Correspondence Column. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school, and I like to read the correspondence, from all over the world. My birthday is on December 25th, Christmas day. We are so glad to see the green grass and flowers growing up, and to hear the birds singing. We live in the woods, just south of the town of Sarnia. Yours truly, S. JAS. W.

Clark's Harbor.

Dear Editor, May 22.—I have only been taking the 'Messenger' a short time, but we all like it very much. I like to read the correspondence best. I have two sisters, named Susie and Helen, and one brother named Douglas. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Eldridge. I go to Sabbath-school. Our Sabbath-school is very large. Our pastor's name is Mr. McMintch. He is pastor of the free Baptist Church. DORA (aged 9.)

Ripley.

Dear Editor,—I can ride my sister's bike. DAVID McL. (aged 8.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Roast Fowl.

(Womankind.)

The good housekeeper likes to put upon her table in winter, a nicely roasted fowl, but many cooks spoil even the best of fowls in the oven. Emily Ford, the cooking expert, says that by a good cook a hen from four to six years old may be made not only as tender, but of richer flavor, than her descendants, and a practical housewife has put the recipe for so doing into every-day language for the benefit of housekeepers.

The day before they are to be served take one or a pair of old hens and stew gently for four hours, allow to cool over night, in the water in which they have been boiled, then roast in the oven in the usual way; that is, a low ten minutes to every pound, basting often with the drippings of roast beef or bacon fat, a large teaspoonful of which must be put in the pan with the chicken when first put in the oven. If young housekeepers would only awaken to the necessity of roasting fowls often, they would avoid the dry meat, that is too often found at otherwise daintily served tables.

The stuffing for fowls is also a rock upon which too many young housekeepers split, failing to realize the value of beef suet as the foundation for the same, using instead butter, which is far more expensive and much less satisfactory in its results. For a pair of chickens, take a cup of suet, finely chopped and free from strings, rub this between the hands in two cups of the crumbs of a stale loaf, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of chopped green thyme (or in the winter dried), and pepper and salt to taste; break an egg, without beating, into this, stir with a fork to a paste, pat into balls and fill the crops of the fowls to a slightly plumpness, the remainder to be put inside. Such a stuffing or seasoning as this will be crisp yet moist, instead of the sloppy mouthful of salted and peppered bread one too often finds served as bird stuffing. For ducks and geese nicely boiled onions, well drained and chopped with sage and pepper and salt to taste is the proper stuffing, and they must never be offered without a generous dish of tart apple sauce, the snowy whiteness of which is attained by beating in half the juice of a lemon to each quart of sauce. With chicken and game cranberry jelly is preferred by many to currant, and an easy and unfailing rule that is sure to 'jell,' as the country people say, is to boil a quart of the fruit first for one minute with a quarter of a teacupful of water, then press through a bright tin colander or coarse hair sieve, return to the fire, let come to the boil with a large breakfast coffee cup heaping full of sugar and pour into the mould. This, made in the morning, will be properly stiff by evening, and will be just in the quivering stage without being too firm.

A thick chicken soup should always be made from the broth in which a fowl has been stewed, as when this is eaten the full nourishment of the chicken is obtained. Made as follows it is one of the most delectable soups ever tasted, once tried it will be a standing favorite, and is a recipe for which a notable cook is justly famous: Melt in a good-sized agate or porcelain lined saucepan a heaping tablespoonful of butter, when boiling hot, but not brown, stir in two scant tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, add salt and white pepper to taste, then stir slowly into a quart of the broth and a pint of milk boiling hot, stir until it is of the consistency of thick cream, and should invariably be served with croutons. The last named are merely made from thick slices of a stale loaf cut into dice and thrown into deep, boiling lard to brown.

Grace at Meals.

Grace at meals is one of the sweetest and most impressive services of family religion. We have our Lord's example for it on many occasions, and if Paul could observe it in the midst of a shipwreck, there can scarcely be a domestic emergency which would justify its omission. While some would hesitate to use an extempore form of prayer, except a very short sentence, which repeated in a perfunctory manner by perhaps the youngest child present, soon loses all meaning, many would be glad to know of a metri-

cal form which could be said or sung in concert by the whole family or the assembled guests.

In the school founded by John Wesley at Kingswood, that place of 'unequaled Methodist memories,' the pupils, standing, would devoutly ask the blessing by reciting in concert the beautiful Wesleyan form, probably a translation from the original Moravian verse:

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here as everywhere adored!
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.
At the close of the meal it was their custom to 'return thanks' in the same manner and in the equally beautiful sentiment:
We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

At an orphanage in Switzerland the children recited in concert the very simple form: Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou hast provided.

In his Mount Hermon School for Boys at Northfield, Mass., Mr. Moody has taught the pupils to stand and repeat the following lines as a grace before meals:

God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for this food;
By His hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

The influence of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' and all that it implies is plainly in the 'Grace for Meals' which Robert Burns has written. Trustfulness and submission have here an unsurpassed expression:

O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For all Thy creatures' wants,
We bless Thee, God of nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent;
And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.

When the Queen and Prince Consort took up their residence in their new marine palace at Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, and sat down at their first meal, the prince said: 'We have a psalm in Germany very suitable for such an occasion as this.' He then spread his hands, and devoutly quoted Sir Theodore Martin's translation of Luther's paraphrase of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm:

God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure;
God bless our daily bread, and bless
What'er we do, what'er endure!
In death unto His peace awake us,
And heirs of His salvation make us.
A grace at once so comprehensive and devout is suitable for any home and any meal.
—'Evangelical Churchman.'

Selected Recipes.

Salmon Croquettes.—Flake one can of salmon; rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs to a paste and mix well with the salmon, adding the soft crumbs of a thick slice of stale bread, with pepper, salt and

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celery salt, moistening with lemon juice. Shape into finger rolls, dip in beaten egg and fine bread crumbs, in egg again and fry in hot lard.

Herring Salad.—Pour boiling water over three small herrings, and when the skin slips off easily, skin, clean, split and pick into small pieces. Chop fine three small potatoes, or one large one, one hard-boiled egg, a sprig of parsley, and one pickled cucumber, adding a finely minced small white onion. Mix with the fish. Season with salt and pepper. Serve a dressing of beaten oil and vinegar, equal parts, and a little made mustard, or any sour cream dressing will do.

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